THE

Weekly Comedy,

As it is Dayly Acted at moſt *Coffee-Houſes* in *LONDON*,

BY

Snarl, *a Disbanded Captain.*	Cant, *a Preciſian.*	Log, *a Marriner.*
Truck, *a Merchant.*	Snap, *a Sharper.*	Scan-all, *a Poet.*
Scribble, *a News-Writer.*	Squabble, *a Lawyer.*	Pluſh, *a Quack.*
All-craft, *a Turncoat.*	Whim, *a Projector.*	Prim, *a Beau.*

Note, That all Theſe Perſons will not Speak in every ſingle Paper, but as the Author finds occaſion to Introduce 'em.

From Wednesday July 5. to Wednesday July 12. 1699.

Enter Pluſh *alone, and ſits down.*

Pluſh. HERE Boy, fill me a Diſh of Sage Tea; and bring me hither the News Papers.

[*Enter* Snap.]

Snap. Your Servant, Doctor. What you are Conning over the Affairs of Chriſtendom, as a Morning's Exerciſe. Do you find any thing Remarkable in any of the Papers?

Pluſh. I know not what is in 'em yet, for I have but juſt begun my Leſſon, which indeed I Read as much for Faſhions-ſake as for Information; for he that ſits by himſelf in a Coffee-houſe, without a News-Book in his hand, looks as awkwardly as a Mourner after a Corps, without a Sprig of Roſemary. Well, but how goes matters with you now? You look as if you were better reconcil'd to the Female Sex, than you was laſt time I ſaw you?

Snap. You know, Doctor, 'tis as Natural for a Man under my Circumſtance to rail againſt Woman, as 'tis for a Loſing Gamſter to Curſe the Dice: But, thanks to my Stars, I begin again now to have a pretty favourable Opinion of 'em. The laſt three Doſes that you gave me, I think have done my Buſineſs.

Pluſh. I knew they wou'd carry off the ill effects of your paſt Iniquities, and put you into a freſh Condition of Sinning. But have a care what you do: I hope the Remembrance of your Pricking Pains, will make you, like a Burnt Child, Dread the Fire.

Snap. I Proteſt, when I was under the uneaſineſs of this Cumbuſtion in my Genitals, I heartily ſwore to always live as Chaſt as an Eunuch. But you are ſencible the Promiſes a Man makes under his Afflictions, are no more binding, than a Bond given in a Goal, or reſolutions againſt Copulation, made by a Woman in hard Labour.

Pluſh. 'Tis true the Corruption of our Nature is ſuch, that we arm our ſelves no longer againſt Vice than we are under the ſmart of it. And it may be obſerv'd, that the Miſeries of Sin are the Seeds of Repentance, which thrives no longer in a Man, than his Pains Nouriſh it; and when once we are freed from the Smart of our Follies, we no longer ſtand upon our Guard, but lay our ſelves open to the next Temptation.

Snap. I think Doctor you begin to talk more like a Divine than a Phyſician. Theſe are words that will operate as much upon a Mans Conſcience, as your Phyſick does upon the Diſtemper.

Pluſh. Perhaps you don't much care for ſuch Sober Reflections; I'll therefore forbear to talk further like a Divine, but begin now to talk like a Phyſician. You ſay you are very well, and the next buſineſs that ought, properly, to be done, is to pay for your Cure.

Snap. I muſt confeſs I know that to be a rule amongſt ye; for I have been told ſo by twenty beſides your ſelf; and therefore as I have been a good Benefactor to your profeſſion, I hope you will uſe me the more kindly.

Pluſh. I'll not be Unreaſonable with you, give me Five Guineas and I'll be ſatisfied.

Snap. Five Guineas, Doctor! I believe I have been Cur'd of Fifty Claps in my time, and never gave above one in my Life. You are enough to fright a Sinner into a thorough Reformation of himſelf, by your Unreaſonable Demands.

Pluſh. I thought I ſhould have ſome ſuch Cuſtomer of you when you knock'd ſo hard at my Door; and ſhow'd me your Grievance with as much Confidence in my Parlour, as if you were no more aſham'd of your misfortune, than a common Strumpet is of a Great-Belly. But however, in conſideration you have been ſuch a Sufferer, I'll have but Three Guineas of you; and I hope you'll think I'm kind to you.

[*Enter* Cant *and* Scribble.]

Cant. You are a Reaſonable Man Mr. *Scribble*, would it not vex a Saint to have ſuch a Scandal put upon a poor Young Girl, when in my Conſcience ſhe no more deſerv'd it, than I do a Whiping-Poſt?

Scribble. Truly, Mr. *Cant*, I believe not, but you know miſtakes will happen in this World; and thoſe who are Injur'd by 'em, had in moſt Caſes, better to be content, than endeavour to Juſtifie their Reputations, when it cannot be done without Publiſhing the Scandal: Therefore you had better let it drop; for you know he's Poſitive, and you have none but your Daughters own Word in her behalf, ſo that the matter, among all that hear it, will ſtill remain but diſputable.

Cant. Truly, Friend *Scribble*, I think your Advice is very good. Tho' I am aſſur'd what my Child ſays is Truth, for I have taken that Care in her Education, that ſhe abominates a Lye, as much as ſhe does the *Whore* of *Babylon*, or the Name of *Antichriſt*. And could not, I am ſure, ſay a falſe thing to her Father or Mother, without Fear and Trembling.

[*Enter* Snarl, *Laughing*.]

Snarl. Yonders ſuch an affront put upon one of your new Married Brother Citizens, that I never

never heard of in my Life before. I think its a Scandal to the whole City to ſuffer ſuch a piece of Inſolence.

Cant. Pray Captain, What is it, or Where is it? Upon Who? What Trade is he?

Snarl. There are Three *Poſt-boys*, mounted upon their Jemets, tormenting the Ears of ſome unhappy Bridgroom, with their Horns, which is a very Ugly Omen, that I doubt preſages no good Luck to him; for when Cuckoldom is ſounded into a Mans Ears as ſoon as he's Married, it's a hard matter for him to get the Noiſe out of his Head as long as he lives after it.

Scribble. Pray, Sir, where is this new ſort of Wedding-Muſick to be heard?

Snarl. In *King-ſtreet* by *Guild-hall*, where you will meet ſuch a Merry Crow'd of Loving Cuckolds liſtening to the ſound of the Horn, as if it was as Natural for you Citizens to admire that Muſick, as 'tis for a Soldier to love a Drum, or a Bear a Bagpipe.

Cant. Come, Mr. *Scribble*, let us go and ſee what's to do amongſt 'em; methinks I would not have ſuch a Jeſt happen in our Neighbourhood for never ſo much, and I not be there to Laugh at it a little. [Cant, Scribble, *Exeunt.*]

Snarl. How Natural it is for Mankind to Laugh at the Misfortunes, and Ridicule the Infirmities of others, when themſelves are equally liable to be Laſh'd with the ſame Scourge. Who ſhall be more ready to reflect the Odium of Cuckoldom upon a Man ſooner, than he that lyes under the ſame predicament? Who is more haſty to call another Woman Whore, than ſhe that is Conſcious of her own failings? Or what Man more apt to call another Knave, than he that knows himſelf to deſerve the Character? Who more induſtrious to Leſſen the Merrit or Reputation of another, than he that has none himſelf? Man hates to be ſingular in Misfortunes, and loves to flatter himſelf with the thoughts, that there are many like him, and rejoyce when he finds a Partiner in his Shame and Miſery.

Pluſh. Indeed, Captain, I think your Obſervations are very good; which puts me in Mind of a Story, very applicable to the preſent purpoſe, which happen'd to lie within my own Knowledge. Some Years ſince I chanc'd to live near a Family where there were two Siſters, very pretty Young Women; and the Daughters of very Reſponſible and Sober Parents, the Eldeſt of 'em ſubmitting to her Vicious Inclinations, ſuffer'd herſelf to be Debauch'd; and by many ſubtilties and deluſive perſwaſions, at laſt ſeduc'd her Siſter to the ſame misfortune. And falling into the Company of ſome Town Libertine, were prevail'd upon to let him into the Houſe when the reſt of the Family was in Bed, and to admit him to their Chamber, where he lay with them both the beſt part of the Night, rewarding their Favours with a Swinging Clap, which (with a great deal of Equity) he had divided equally between them. They both apply'd themſelves to me for Cure, expreſſing in their Tears and Bluſhes, great ſigns both of Shame and Repentance. I was very inquiſitive to know how this Misfortune came about; and at laſt prevail'd upon the Youngeſt to tell me the whole Story, and how her Siſter had by many Stratagems, and Importunities drawn her to this Unhappineſs. Upon which, I took upon me to reprove the Eldeſt; and was very inquiſitive to know the Reaſons that induc'd her to corrupt her Siſter. Who at laſt made me this Anſwer, *viz.* *That they were alwaies at enmity till they were Partners in the ſame Infelicity. For*, ſays ſhe, *when we were both in our Innocence, ſhe envied me becauſe I was the Eldeſt; and when I my ſelf was corrupted, I hated her becauſe ſhe was Vertuous: But when I had drawn her in to be a Siſter in iniquity, no Fleſh and Blood could ever live together with more Friendſhip and Affections.*

From whence I draw this Inference. That when a Perſon ſhall reflect upon another, who is unhappily detected of the ſame failings, which themſelves are Guilty of in private, it is to ſhow a ſeeming Deteſtation of that Evil which they moſt affect; but were they equally acquainted with each others failings, it would be as Natural for 'em to Love one another, as it is the Vices to which they are both ſubject.

Snap. Your ſtory puts me in mind of a Witty Device that was Projected by a Sergeant, who had not been long enough in his Office to ingratiate himſelf with the reſt of his Brother *Blood-Hounds*; and being a man that lov'd a peaceable execution of his Office, for the ſake of a whole Skin, always ſhew'd a great indifference towards any Buſineſs that was Dangerous in the Execution. Inſomuch that the reſt of the *Debtor-Snappers*, had branded him with the Name of Coward, which put him upon this contrivance, to make a Tryal of their Courage, who had thus ſtigmatiz'd him. He goes to a publick houſe of his Acquaintance, a conſiderable diſtance from the Counter, and order'd a Swinging Bowl of Punch to be made againſt ſuch an hour, and ſet ready upon the Table in a Room up one pair of Stairs, telling the Victualer his deſign, deſiring his management in the matter, that it might be carryed the more cleaverly on to the end without Jealouſie.

When he had thus put every thing in its proper order for his deſign, he runs puffing to the Counter, and tells his Brethren he had ſet a Gentleman at ſuch a Houſe, that he was to have Twenty Pounds to Arreſt; but knowing him to be a deſperate man, he did not dare to venture to do't himſelf, but as many of them as would give him their aſſiſtance, ſhould have their ſhare of the money. Upon which they all ſeem'd mighty forward to go, ſo that he drew along with him all his brother *Canibals* that were then ſitting at the gate. When they came near the houſe, he adviſ'd them to ſteal in one after another, to prevent ſuſpicion, if he ſhould chance to be looking thro the Caſement; which they accordingly did, getting all into a Room below Stairs to conſult of the beſt meaſures to ſeize their Prey, who was repreſented as a very Fierce and Reſolute Creature. At laſt a great diſpute aroſe, who ſhould venture firſt up Stairs and enter the Room. The man of the Houſe told em, in reſpect to his old Acquaintance, he would give them what aſſiſtance he could, adviſing them to be expeditious in what they did, for the Gentleman expected Company within half an hour, and then perhaps they might be prevented: Five Pounds was offer'd to him that would bolt firſt into the Room, They enquired what Arms he had? Anſwer was made, None but a Sword, unleſs he had Pocket-Piſtols. The Heroes all round declin'd to be the firſt Man, all putting on't upon him that had brought the buſineſs to 'em, who at laſt ſtarts up, *Well*, ſays he, *I ſee you are all a parcel of Hen-hearted Fellows, if you'l follow me cloſe, lend me the Fire-Fork, and I'll Venture firſt my ſelf; But when I Cry I have him, beſure you preſs in as faſt as you can, to prevent Miſchief.* All promiſe to ſtand by him Tooth and Nail: So up Stairs he ſtole, and the reſt creeping after him, with aking Hearts, for fear of danger. When they were got to the Door, the foremoſt lifts up the Latch, bolts into the Room, and Crys out, *I have him! I have him!* The reſt running in after, and finding No-body there but a Bowl of Punch, were at firſt very Angry, but when they conſider'd their Brother had prov'd them all Cowards as well as himſelf, they ſat down over their Priſoner, and were all as Friendly and as Merry as a Gang of Highway-Men.

ADVERTISEMENT.

ON *Fryday* laſt was Publiſh'd, the Eighth Part of the *London Spy*, for the Month of *June*. Price Six Pence. Sold by *J. How*, in the *Ram-head-Inn-Yard* in *Fanchurch-Street*; where are alſo to be had the other Parts, ſingle or together, with the reſt of the Author's Writtings.

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The Protestant Mercury.

Occurrences, *Forein* and *Domestick*.

From Wednesday, July 12. to Friday, July 14. 1699.

Rome, *June* 27.

THE new *French* Ambassador hath given but little satisfaction to the Pope on his first Entry, by reason his Excellency will not permit his Goods to be brought to the Toll-house, neither will he suffer that the same be viewed in his Apartments. After the said Ambassador had been 3 days at the House of the Cardinal *Bouillon*, he went from thence to the Court of the Prince *Pamfilio*: He hath also been *incognito* at the Imperial Ambassador's, who was twice to wait on him at the Cardinal *Bouillon*'s. The said Cardinal received a Courier from *France* on the 22th, but we do not yet understand that he hath desired an Audience of the Pope; in the mean time some of the Inhabitants of this City, who accompanied his Coach with Arms, are apprehended. On Monday last the Sieur *Nicolo Erizzo*, the *Venetian* Ambassador, was admitted to a private Audience of the Pope, being conducted by the private Stairs, and received the other night the usual Regale. We have been busy here this whole week with a Procession against the *Octave* of *Corpus Domini*, which was held on Tuesday in the evening at the Church of St. *Lorenso* and *Damaso*, where the Sacred Colledge was present, as also 77 Prelates, and 80 Lords, being Dressed in their Formalities, with Torches in their Hands. There were also 29 poor Virgins, who were to receive a Marriage-Gift of the Cardinal of the Fraternity. The Queen of *Poland* was present at the Procession from the Church of the Holy Apostles, and carried a Wax Candle in her Hand near the Holy Sacrament. The Constable *Colonna* makes preparations to present the Pope the Hacquene or Horse, according to the usual Custom, in Quality of an Ambassador Extraordinary from the King of *Spain*.

Turin, *June* 27. On the 22th instant our Duke went to *Orbazano*, to take a review of the Regiment of Horse that was come thither from *Savoy*, *viz.* That called Royal *Piedmont* and the Green Dragoons, who are ordered to March to *Mondovi*, by reason we have cause to believe, that some new Commotions may happen there. We discourse of Reforming the Guard of Carabineers, and that the above-mentioned Royal Regiment of *Piedmont* is to supply its place, and keep Guard in this City. A Courier is arrived here from *Rome*, sent from our Resident, with Advice that it was declared in favour of his Royal Highness, that he should for the future have the Nomination of all Archbishops, Bishops, Abbots and other Benefices of the Churches in his Dominions, without leave of the Pope or the Sacred Colledge, according to the Bull of Pope *Paul* the 13th. On the 5th instant the *French* Envoy, Monsieur *Thesi* returned again to *France*, after being presented with a rich Sword. On the 24th instant, being St. *John*'s-day, it was observed here with great Solemnity, on account of the Young Prince's Nativity. The great Hall of the Court was very fine, adorned and hung round with several Cristal Lamps, in order to receive their Royal Highnesses, the Infanta, and the Princes and Princesses of the Blood, in a splendid manner: The Front of the Palace was also illuminated, and some Pillars erected, with several curious Devices thereon. In the evening a Regiment of Infantry appeared on the Plain, and several Lords on Horseback, after whom followed his Royal Highness's Coach, Drawn by 8 Horses, and then 100 Gentlemen came after, all very richly Habited, with Feathers in their Hats; then came the Coaches of both the Dutchesses, with 8 Horses in each, followed by 2 Coaches of the Prince *Carignan*, each with 6 Horses. All the Houses on the Plain were illuminated and adorned with Greens, and the Dukes Name set up in Cyphers in divers places. When their Royal Highnesses were returned to the great Hall, some costly Fireworks were illuminated, and a fine Ball was given, and then a costly Collation. After a stay of 4 Hours the Court returned from thence, the Lords having before received their usual Presents.

Bazil, *July* 8. The Deputies of all the *Swiss* Cantons are now Assembled at *Baden*, about their Domestick Affairs, and their Mutual Accompts; as also to find out a Method to obstruct the paying of some new Imposts, which the Government of *Austria* hath thought fit to lay on all the Merchandizes of *Switzerland*. The Commander *Constance* causeth some Armed Vessels to Cruize in that Lake, to obstruct the Operations of the *French*, in their new Project, of Raising up Vessels from the Ground; as also to have an eye upon the sailing of their Ships.

Cologn, *July* 14. We hear, that they have erected on the *Rhine* near *Bon*, a Gallows to keep all those Bakers in awe, who shall for the future presume to mix Eran with their Bread. We hear, that the Duke of *Croy*, who goes from hence in a short time, designs to enter into the Service of the C'zar of *Muscovy*. The Abbot *Stephani*, Envoy Extraordinary from the Court of *Hanover*, goes from hence this week to some adjacent Electoral Courts. Two days since the Baron of *Muckenhausen* was dangerously Wounded by a Shot out of the Corn, as he was walking in his own Lands, and no discovery is as yet made of the Person who did the same. Yesterday the Elector of *Cologn* gave a very magnificent Treat to the Ladies on the other side of the *Rhine*, in the Road to *Poppelsdorf*, which was accompanied by Kettle-Drums, Trumpets, and other Musical Instruments.

Hamburgh, *July* 14. We have a Report from *Staden*, that the Deputies of that City, conducted thither by the Secretary *Keller*, in the Governor's Coach, were very well received, and splendidly Treated by the said Governor; and there is a great probability, that the Ship which is Arrested, will be discharged again. In the mean time the Council hath ordered, that a Printed Account of that Affair should be delivered to all those Foreign Ministers, who interpose in that Matter, and by which it appears, that the great Crime therein, which was so much magnified, was but very small.

Brussels, *July* 15. The Count of *Bergeik* is lately arrived from *Leefdale* at this Place, and hath since his coming hither Kissed our Elector's Hand, and designs to set out from hence for *Spain*, in 12 or 14 days, whither he is Summoned by order of the King. The Council of State hath sent Letters to the several Towns, for the erecting of Wool Halls, and a Placaert will be soon published concerning that Manufacture, but the Prohibition of the Exportation of Wool to the new Conquests, will very probably be moderated, whilst the *French* on the other side have promised a Moderation in relation to some Taxes imposed on our Manufactures. The other day some new Corn was brought into the Market, and we take all imaginable care to prevent the Monopolizing thereof. We hear, that Monsieur *Vauban* hath

marked